

NO TELL MOTEL

*We'll Leave a Poem
Out For You*



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Big Black Car

Adam Fieled

Your middle: tongue
(hers), man (me), riding
together, I bitch (middle's
middle). I tongue man
you, her, spacious, it, of
you, all of us, can't feel
a nothing, I can't. Not
of this, of you, of her,
of all of this riding, in
what looks big, black,
has tongue-room. I
can't feel a thing. I feel
nothing of bigness, black
fur interior her you. Ride.

Adam Fieled

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Back of a Car

Adam Fieled

Asinine, as is, this ass is:
ass I zip down into zero:
anal, a null, a void, this is.
I'm behind a behind that
sits smoking, rubbing, pink-
tipped, tender, butt, button.
She watches me watching as
I go brown-nose in another.
Only *her car-ness*, averted by
eyes to a wall, seems happy.
Only she can stomach rubs
of the kind that want plugs.
Sparked tank, here comes
no come, & aggravation.

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Blue Monday

Adam Fieled

Inside out, upside-down,
round & round. Now it's
cyber, in screen-space, our
dance is, on the Net, it is.
A post posted post-haste.
I'm a cipher, propping up
a pungent myth, academic
feminists might go for. I
sit alone, screened, screams
churning in guts, undone.
Group grope blog bloke,
that's me, player in three,
fuck in words cuts too, I
& you two, cut & pasted.

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Framed

Adam Fieled

Nailed, two, across— I
have been glimpsing me
from above, as a camera
would, I am a still, this
is a film, this has to be
framed, no, don't hold,
I can't, it's an offstage
arm, both you & you
speak like I'm (so) not
here, I'm celluloid, I'm
varicose, vein-soft, fake-
bloody, cut, I can't move,
you & you & I minted,
taped, uncensored, dead.

Adam Fieled

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Sunny Afternoon

Adam Fieled

Wicker Park coffee bar:
I'm stirred, ill-starred, I
sit surrounded. Bounds
the deer, straight into a
headlight: two, bright. I
hang on one more cup,
rapping to a sylph that
hovers above: *save me*
from this squeeze, tracks
on my knee. She stirs
me more. I spoon #2
better, who's on a cell
phone date even as we
speak: *talk to me*. Please.

Adam Fieled

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